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# **Readings Booklet**

**January 1999**



# **English 30**

## **Part B: Reading**

### **Grade 12 Diploma Examination**

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January 1999  
**English 30**  
**Part B: Reading**  
**Readings Booklet**  
**Grade 12 Diploma Examination**

*Description*

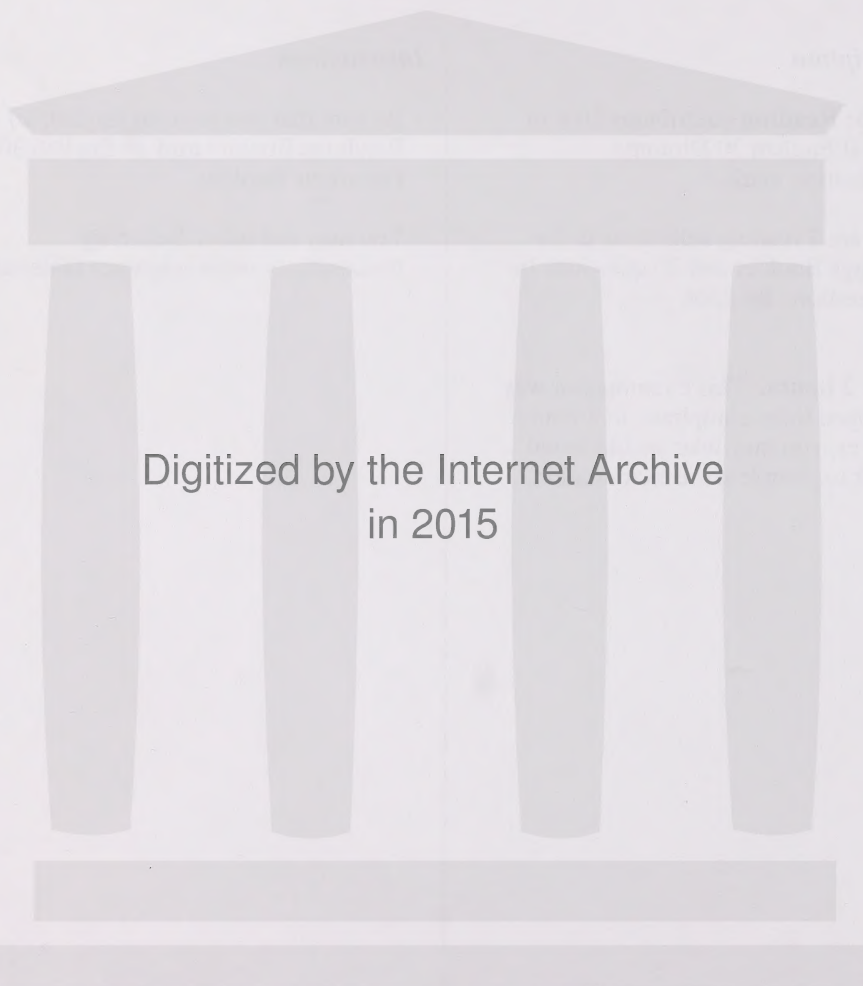
**Part B: Reading** contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 7 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

**Time: 2 hours.** This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional ½ hour to complete the examination.

*Instructions*

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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**I. Questions 1 to 12 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt.**

*The following is a speech that was given to the Pacific Northwest Library Association in 1973 by an American writer of fantasy and fiction.*

**WHY ARE AMERICANS AFRAID OF DRAGONS?**

This was to be a talk about fantasy. But I have not been feeling very fanciful lately, and could not decide what to say; so I have been going about picking people's brains for ideas. "What about fantasy? Tell me something about fantasy." And one friend of mine said, "All right, I'll tell you something fantastic.

- 5 Ten years ago, I went to the children's room of the library of such-and-such a city, and asked for *The Hobbit*; and the librarian told me, 'Oh, we keep that only in the adult collection; we don't feel that escapism is good for children.' "

- My friend and I had a good laugh and shuddered over that, and we agreed that things have changed a great deal in these past ten years. That kind of moralistic  
10 censorship of works of fantasy is very uncommon now, in the children's libraries. But the fact that the children's libraries have become oases in the desert doesn't mean that there isn't still a desert. The point of view from which that librarian spoke still exists. She was merely reflecting, in perfect good faith, something that goes very deep in the American character: a moral disapproval of fantasy, a  
15 disapproval so intense, and often so aggressive, that I cannot help but see it as arising, fundamentally, from fear.

So: Why are Americans afraid of dragons?

- Before I try to answer my question, let me say that it isn't only Americans who are afraid of dragons. I suspect that almost all very highly technological peoples  
20 are more or less antifantasy. There are several national literatures which, like ours, have had no tradition of adult fantasy for the past several hundred years. . . .

- In wondering why Americans are afraid of dragons, I began to realize that a great many Americans are not only antifantasy, but altogether antifiction. We tend, as a people, to look upon all works of the imagination either as suspect, or as  
25 contemptible.

"My wife reads novels. I haven't got the time."

"I used to read that science fiction stuff when I was a teenager, but of course I don't now."

"Fairy stories are for kids. I live in the real world."

- 30 Who speaks so? Who is it that dismisses *War and Peace*, *The Time Machine*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with this perfect self-assurance? It is, I fear, the

*Continued*



man in the street—the hardworking, over-thirty American male—the men who run this country.

Such a rejection of the entire art of fiction is related to several American characteristics: our Puritanism,<sup>1</sup> our work ethic, our profitmindedness, and even our sexual mores.

To read *War and Peace* or *The Lord of the Rings* plainly is not “work”—you do it for pleasure. And if it cannot be justified as “educational” or as “self-improvement,” then, in the Puritan value system, it can only be self-indulgence or escapism. For pleasure is not a value, to the Puritan; on the contrary, it is a sin.

Equally, in the businessman’s value system, if an act does not bring in an immediate, tangible profit, it has no justification at all. Thus the only person who has an excuse to read Tolstoy or Tolkien is the English teacher, because he gets paid for it. But our businessman might allow himself to read a bestseller now and then: not because it is a good book, but because it is a bestseller—it is a success, it has made money. To the strangely mystical mind of the money-changer, this justifies its existence; and by reading it he may participate, a little, in the power and mana<sup>2</sup> of its success. If this is not magic, by the way, I don’t know what is.

The last element, the sexual one, is more complex. I hope I will not be understood as being sexist if I say that, within our culture, I believe that this antifiction attitude is basically a male one. The American boy and man is very commonly forced to define his maleness by rejecting certain traits, certain human gifts and potentialities, which our culture defines as “womanish” or “childish.” And one of these traits or potentialities is, in cold sober fact, the absolutely essential human faculty of imagination.

Having got this far, I went quickly to the dictionary.

The *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* says: “Imagination. 1. The action of imagining, or forming a mental concept of what is not actually present to the senses; 2. The mental consideration of actions or events not yet in existence.”

Very well; I certainly can let “absolutely essential human faculty” stand. But I must narrow the definition to fit our present subject. By “imagination,” then, I personally mean the free play of the mind, both intellectual and sensory. By “play” I mean recreation, re-creation, the recombination of what is known into what is new. By “free” I mean that the action is done without an immediate object of profit—spontaneously. That does not mean, however, that there may not be a purpose behind the free play of the mind, a goal; and the goal may be a very serious object indeed. Children’s imaginative play is clearly a practicing at the acts and emotions of adulthood; a child who did not play would not become

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Puritanism—From the doctrines of the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> century group of English Protestants who advocated strict religious discipline.

<sup>2</sup>mana—the embodiment of those forces which produce and maintain the order of the universe

70 mature. As for the free play of an adult mind, its result may be *War and Peace*,  
or the theory of relativity.<sup>3</sup>

To be free, after all, is not to be undisciplined. I should say that the discipline  
of the imagination may in fact be the essential method or technique of both art  
and science. It is our Puritanism, insisting that discipline means repression or  
punishment, which confuses the subject. To discipline something, in the proper  
75 sense of the word, does not mean to repress it, but to train it—to encourage it to  
grow, and act, and be fruitful, whether it is a peach tree or a human mind.

I think that a great many American men have been taught just the opposite.  
They have learned to repress their imagination, to reject it as something childish  
or effeminate, unprofitable, and probably sinful.

80 They have learned to fear it. But they have never learned to discipline  
it at all.

Now, I doubt that the imagination can be suppressed. If you truly eradicated  
it in a child, he would grow up to be an eggplant. Like all our evil propensities,  
the imagination will out. But if it is rejected and despised, it will grow into wild  
85 and weedy shapes; it will be deformed. At its best, it will be mere ego-centered  
daydreaming; at its worst, it will be wishful thinking, which is a very dangerous  
occupation when it is taken seriously. Where literature is concerned, in the old,  
truly Puritan days, the only permitted reading was the Bible. Nowadays, with our  
secular<sup>4</sup> Puritanism, the man who refuses to read novels because it's unmanly to  
90 do so, or because they aren't true, will most likely end up watching bloody  
detective thrillers on the television, or reading hack Westerns or sports stories, or  
going in for pornography, from *Playboy* on down. It is his starved imagination,  
craving nourishment, that forces him to do so. But he can rationalize such  
entertainment by saying that it is realistic—after all, sex exists, and there are  
95 criminals, and there are baseball players, and there used to be cowboys—and also  
by saying that it is virile,<sup>5</sup> by which he means that it doesn't interest most women.

That all these genres are sterile, hopelessly sterile, is reassurance to him,  
rather than a defect. If they were genuinely realistic, which is to say genuinely  
imagined and imaginative, he would be afraid of them. Fake realism is the  
100 escapist literature of our time. And probably the ultimate escapist reading is that  
masterpiece of total unreality, the daily stock market report.

Now what about our man's wife? She probably wasn't required to squelch  
her private imagination in order to play her expected role in life, but she hasn't  
been trained to discipline it, either. She is allowed to read novels, and even  
105 fantasies. But, lacking training and encouragement, her fancy is likely to glom on

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>theory of relativity—in physics, a complex theory of the universe developed by Albert Einstein

<sup>4</sup>secular—not specifically pertaining to religion

<sup>5</sup>virile—having masculine spirit, strength, vigour, or power



to very sickly fodder, such things as soap operas, and “true romances,” and nursy novels, and historico-sentimental novels, and all the rest of the baloney ground out to replace genuine imaginative works by the artistic sweatshops of a society that is profoundly distrustful of the uses of the imagination.

110      What, then, are the uses of the imagination?

    You see, I think we have a terrible thing here: a hardworking, upright, responsible citizen, a full-grown, educated person, who is afraid of dragons, and afraid of hobbits, and scared to death of fairies. It’s funny, but it’s also terrible. Something has gone very wrong. I don’t know what to do about it but to try and  
115      give an honest answer to that person’s question, even though he often asks it in an aggressive and contemptuous tone of voice. “What’s the good of it all?” he says. “Dragons and hobbits and little green men—what’s the *use* of it?”

    The truest answer, unfortunately, he won’t even listen to. He won’t hear it. The truest answer is, “The use of it is to give you pleasure and delight.”

120      “I haven’t got the time,” he snaps, swallowing a Maalox pill for his ulcer and rushing off to the golf course.

    So we try the next-to-truest answer. It probably won’t go down much better, but it must be said: “The use of imaginative fiction is to deepen your understanding of your world, and your fellow men, and your own feelings, and  
125      your destiny.”

    To which I fear he will retort, “Look, I got a raise last year, and I’m giving my family the best of everything, we’ve got two cars and a color TV. I understand enough of the world!”

    And he is right, unanswerably right, if that is what he wants, and all he wants.

130      The kind of thing you learn from reading about the problems of a hobbit who is trying to drop a magic ring into an imaginary volcano has very little to do with your social status, or material success, or income. Indeed, if there is any relationship, it is a negative one. There is an inverse correlation between fantasy and money. That is a law, known to economists as Le Guin’s Law. If you want a  
135      striking example of Le Guin’s Law, just give a lift to one of those people along the roads who own nothing but a backpack, a guitar, a fine head of hair, a smile, and a thumb. Time and again, you will find that these waifs have read *The Lord of the Rings*—some of them can practically recite it. But now take Aristotle Onassis, or J. Paul Getty:<sup>6</sup> could you believe that those men ever had anything to do, at any  
140      age, under any circumstances, with a hobbit? . . .

    So I arrive at my personal defense of the uses of the imagination, especially in fiction, and most especially in fairy tale, legend, fantasy, science fiction, and the rest of the lunatic fringe. I believe that maturity is not an outgrowing, but a

*Continued*

<sup>6</sup>Aristotle Onassis, J. Paul Getty—multi-millionaires of the shipping and oil industries



growing up: that an adult is not a dead child, but a child who survived. I believe  
145 that all the best faculties of a mature human being exist in the child, and that if  
these faculties are encouraged in youth they will act well and wisely in the adult,  
but if they are repressed and denied in the child they will stunt and cripple the  
adult personality. And finally, I believe that one of the most deeply human, and  
humane, of these faculties is the power of imagination: so that it is our pleasant  
150 duty, as librarians, or teachers, or parents, or writers, or simply as grownups, to  
encourage that faculty of imagination in our children, to encourage it to grow  
freely, to flourish like the green bay tree, by giving it the best, absolutely the best  
and purest, nourishment that it can absorb. And never, under any circumstances,  
to squelch it, or sneer at it, or imply that it is childish, or unmanly, or untrue.  
155 For fantasy is true, of course. It isn't factual, but it is true. Children know  
that. Adults know it too, and that is precisely why many of them are afraid of  
fantasy. They know that its truth challenges, even threatens, all that is false, all  
that is phony, unnecessary, and trivial in the life they have let themselves be  
forced into living. They are afraid of dragons, because they are afraid of freedom.  
160 So I believe that we should trust our children. Normal children do not confuse  
reality and fantasy—they confuse them much less often than we adults do (as a  
certain great fantasist pointed out in a story called "The Emperor's New Clothes").  
Children know perfectly well that unicorns aren't real, but they also know that  
books about unicorns, if they are good books, are true books. All too often, that's  
165 more than Mummy and Daddy know; for, in denying their childhood, the adults  
have denied half their knowledge, and are left with the sad, sterile little fact:  
"Unicorns aren't real." And that fact is one that never got anybody anywhere  
(except in the story "The Unicorn in the Garden," by another great fantasist, in  
which it is shown that a devotion to the unreality of unicorns may get you straight  
170 into the loony bin). It is by such statements as, "Once upon a time there was a  
dragon," or "In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit"—it is by such beautiful  
non-facts that we fantastic human beings may arrive, in our peculiar fashion, at  
the truth.

*Ursula K. Le Guin*  
American writer and anthropologist

II. Questions 13 to 20 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

MORNING: THE TWENTY-SECOND OF MARCH<sup>1</sup>

- All the green things in the house  
On fire with greenness. The trees  
In the garden take their naked ease  
Like Demoiselles d'Avignon.<sup>2</sup> We came  
5 Awake to the spider plant's crisp  
Shadow printing the pillowcase  
Between us. Now limp wrists of steam  
Curl auspiciously up from the cup  
Of tea I've brought you, and a blue jay  
10 Shrieks blue murder beyond the door.  
In a painting over the bed,  
Five tea-colored cows stand  
Hock-deep in water at the bend  
Of a river—small, smoothbacked stones  
15 Turtling its near margin. The sun  
Spreads an open field like butter,  
And the water is a flat sheet  
Of tin. A brace of leafy branches  
Leans over it from the far bank  
20 And the five cows bend down to  
The dumbfounded smudge of their own  
Cow faces in the water. And here  
This minute, at the bristle-tip  
Of the Scotch pine, a cardinal starts  
25 Singing: seven compound metal notes  
Equal in beat, then silence, then  
Again the identical seven. Between  
The sighs the cars and pickups make,  
Relenting for the curve with a little  
30 Gasp of gears, we hear across the road,  
Among the faintly flesh-pink  
Limbs and glow of the apple orchard,  
A solitary dove throating three sweet

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>The Twenty-Second of March—the vernal equinox, first day of Spring

<sup>2</sup>Demoiselles d'Avignon—a famous painting by Picasso of three naked girls



Mournful Oms,<sup>3</sup> then falling silent, then—  
35 Our life together hesitating in that gap  
Of silence, slipping from us and becoming  
Nothing we know in the swirl that has  
No past, no future, nothing  
But the pure pulse-shroud of light,  
40 The dread *here-now*—again reporting thrice  
Its own silence. The cup of tea  
Still steams between your hands  
Like some warm offering or other  
To the nameless, radiant vacancy at the window,  
45 This stillness in which we go on happening.

*Eamon Grennan*  
American poet

<sup>3</sup>Om(s)—a mystical and sacred monosyllable in Hindu tradition, used in prayer and meditation

**III. Questions 21 to 30 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novel.**

**From THE BIRDS ON THE TREES**

*Toby, the young man in this excerpt, has left home and come to his maternal grandmother, Sara. Margaret is his mother.*

After a little, his grandmother sat back on her heels, sighed, brushed her coally hands on her apron and said, in the grumbling, old woman's voice she used to disguise any temporary lapse into tenderness, "It's no good, you know, you'll have to telephone them."

- 5 He yawned, then smiled, teasing her, "Six in the morning, Gran?"  
"You think they'll be asleep?" His smile, his pale face, had softened her more than she cared for. She said, with a little puff of adventitious<sup>1</sup> indignation, "You should know your mother by now. She'll be half out of her mind!"

- 10 "They were asleep when I left last night. They won't wake up much before ten o'clock."

He yawned again, involuntarily, rubbing his eyes and blinking.

She thought, *dead tired, poor child*, but said, sharply, "You'll be out for the count yourself by then, if looks are anything to go by. What you mean is, you want me to ring up, do your dirty work!"

- 15 Margaret would want explanations, answers. Was entitled to them. She would be hurt because Toby had left home without telling her and come to his grandmother. Why had he? She had never fussed over him, spoiled him—it was his parents who had done that, discussing him endlessly with anxious pride as if he were some rare, delicate creature they were privileged to look after! Making a  
20 rod for their own backs<sup>2</sup>—she had often told them, and now it seemed she was proved right! Thinking like this, Sara felt a certain angry satisfaction and then, immediately, a sudden misery so deep she could have wept. Poor Margaret . . .

- She said, "She'll want to know you're going back. Not that you can't stay here for a bit if you want, though I don't know what your grandfather will say.  
25 You know what he is!" For a moment she thought of her husband gratefully; a shield, a wall, something to hide behind. "He's old you know and old people haven't the patience. They've been through it all before. Oh—your mother led us a dance if the truth were told! Wanting this, wanting that, staying on at school, going on to college—as if money grew on trees instead of having to work and

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>adventitious—coming from outside, casual, accidental

<sup>2</sup>Making a rod for their own backs—probably a variation on the old saying "Spare the rod and spoil the child"



30 slave for every penny! Not that she didn't work hard herself, I'll give her that, she was always a worker . . ."

"I'm not staying, Gran." His voice broke into what she saw, immediately and self-protectively, as an old woman's aimless garrulity.<sup>3</sup> (Once, she would have admitted spite or jealousy; but she was kinder to herself now, gave herself more  
35 often the benefit of the doubt.) And yet a certain shame broke through. Her daughter! Sometimes she saw herself as a ship leaving shore, casting-off lines and sailing for deep, quiet waters. She longed for the peace of the empty ocean, no ties left. But this one still held her, this one, turbulent link; and through it, through her daughter, this one grandchild, this difficult boy . . .

40 "Of course you can stay as long as you like," she said. "Don't pay any attention to me."

He smiled at her, but something had gone from his eyes. Some light. "I just came to see you," he said. "Not to stay. Or only one night, perhaps. Then I'm going to my friend Hugh, in London. I can't go home. I can't do what they want  
45 or be what they want."

"They don't want anything except your good. Both your mother and father. They'd do anything for you."

But she felt a faint, sly triumph. *Now she'll learn something.*

"They've done too much already," he said. "I don't want any more. I don't  
50 want to go to university. All they can teach you is about the world as it used to be, and things are changing so fast there's no time for that. I've got to think things out for myself."

"Thinking things out often means brooding and idleness in my experience. What will you live on? Or do you expect them to support you?"

55 "No, Gran, there's no *problem*. I mean, you can get a job on a building site at fifty pounds a week! The important thing is how you live, not what you do!"

"That'll be a fine thing! That'll please your mother! After your good education, a jobbing labourer on a building site!"

But in fact, the way he had spoken, quiet and decided and remote, had  
60 impressed her. This was the way a young man should be, standing on his own feet, not humped on his parents' backs. She said, "As long as you find out what you want to do in the long run, that's the main thing, I suppose."

He sighed a little. "I don't really know anything, Gran, I was just talking." He lay back in the chair and said, so softly she could hardly hear him, "How can  
65 anyone know what they want to do, or even who they are? I don't. There's no form to anything. Just this—chaos in my head . . ."

She said, uneasily, "Stuff and nonsense. A boy your age!"

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>garrulity—excessive talkativeness

He said, "By the time you get to know anything important, you're old."

70 "Too late then," Sara said. She felt, suddenly, both impatient and tired. He  
wanted her to tell him something, *give* him something—she had felt this all along  
and put it from her. She was so tired. Tired in her spirit—though growing a little  
stout, her body was so strong and supple still that she felt, sometimes, it let her  
down: no restful illness for her, no chimney corner . . . . She got up from her  
75 knees, grunting a little but only for show, acting age and stiffness as if to ward off  
any demands that might be made on her, and looked down at her grandson. He  
looked up at her and she knew what he saw: a big woman with plump, fiery  
cheeks, energetic and powerful. But a ruined fortress, only the strong walls  
standing . . . .

She said, despairingly, "Well, what am I to say to your mother?"

*Nina Bawden*  
English writer



**IV. Questions 31 to 41 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

**from HENRY VI, Part 2, Act I, scene ii**

CHARACTERS:

GLOUCESTER—Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester

ELEANOR COBHAM—Duchess of Gloucester

JOHN HUME—a priest

MESSENGER

*The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER is the only living brother of the previous King, HENRY V, and therefore second in line to the throne. GLOUCESTER's title, Protector of the King,<sup>1</sup> was granted when his nephew, HENRY VI, was crowned years before as a child. HENRY VI is now married to MARGARET OF ANJOU and likely to produce an heir to the throne. GLOUCESTER's position of Protector is mostly honorary; nonetheless, GLOUCESTER has enemies who are scheming to discredit him and end his influence as Protector.*

*This scene takes place at the house of the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER and his wife, ELEANOR. ELEANOR is scolding GLOUCESTER for his lack of ambition.*

**ELEANOR:** Why droops my lord like over-ripened corn  
Hanging the head at Ceres'<sup>2</sup> plenteous load?  
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
As frowning at the favors of the world?  
5 Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,<sup>3</sup>  
Enchased with all the honors of the world?  
If so, gaze on and grovel on thy face  
10 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.  
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
And having both together heaved it up,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Protector of the King—in this case, a person who governs in place of a ruler who is still a minor

<sup>2</sup>Ceres—Roman goddess of agriculture and the fruits of harvest

<sup>3</sup>diadem—crown

15       We'll both together lift our heads to heaven  
           And never more abase our sight so low  
           As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.  
**GLOUCESTER:** O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
           Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.  
           And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 20       Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
           Be my last breathing in this mortal world.  
           My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.  
**ELEANOR:** What dreamed my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it  
           With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.  
 25       **GLOUCESTER:** Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
           Was broke in twain, by whom I have forgot,  
           But as I think, it was by th' cardinal;  
           And on the pieces of the broken wand  
           Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset  
 30       And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.  
           This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.  
**ELEANOR:** Tut, this was nothing but an argument  
           That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
           Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
 35       But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke.  
           Methought I sat in seat of majesty  
           In the cathedral church of Westminster;  
           And in that chair where kings and queens were crowned,  
           Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneeled to me  
 40       And on my head did set the diadem—  
**GLOUCESTER:** Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.  
           Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured<sup>4</sup> Eleanor,  
           Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
           And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?  
 45       Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command  
           Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
           And wilt thou still be hammering treachery  
           To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
           From top of honor to disgrace's feet?  
 50       Away from me, and let me hear no more.  
**ELEANOR:** What, what, my lord? Are you so choleric<sup>5</sup>  
           With Eleanor for telling but her dream?

*Continued*

<sup>4</sup>ill-nurtured—ill-bred

<sup>5</sup>choleric—angry, hot-tempered



Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself  
And not be checked.

55 **GLOUCESTER:** Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

*(Enter MESSENGER.)*

**MESSENGER:** My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure  
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,  
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

60 **GLOUCESTER:** I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

**ELEANOR:** Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

*(Exit GLOUCESTER with MESSENGER.)*

Follow I must: I cannot go before  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
And being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

70 Where are you there? Sir John! Nay, fear not, man.  
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

*(Enter HUME.)*

**HUME:** Jesus preserve your royal majesty.

**ELEANOR:** What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but grace.<sup>6</sup>

75 **HUME:** But by the grace of God and Hume's advice  
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

**ELEANOR:** What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred  
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?  
80 And will they undertake to do me good?

**HUME:** This they have promised: to show your highness  
A spirit raised from depth of under ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

85 **ELEANOR:** It is enough; I'll think upon the questions.  
When from Saint Albans we do make return  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

90 *(Exit ELEANOR.)*

*Continued*

<sup>6</sup>grace—only monarchs could be addressed as “majesty”; “grace” was the proper title for a duke or duchess

**HUME:** Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;  
 Marry and shall!<sup>7</sup> But how now, Sir John Hume?  
 Seal up your lips and give no words but mum;  
 The business asketh silent secrecy.  
 95 Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;  
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
 Yet have I gold flies from another coast:  
 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal  
 And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;  
 100 Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,  
 They (knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humor)<sup>8</sup>  
 Have hired me to undermine the duchess  
 And buzz<sup>9</sup> these conjurations in her brain.  
 They say, 'A crafty knave does need no broker';  
 105 Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.  
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last  
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack  
 110 And her attainure<sup>10</sup> will be Humphrey's fall.  
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

*(Exit.)*

*William Shakespeare*

<sup>7</sup>Marry and shall—indeed he will

<sup>8</sup>humor—inclinations

<sup>9</sup>buzz—whisper

<sup>10</sup>attainure—disgrace

- V.     **Questions 42 to 50 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novel, first published in Switzerland in 1945.**

**from THE GLASS BEAD GAME**

Knecht must have been twelve or thirteen years old at the time. For quite a while he had been a scholarship pupil in the Latin school of Berolfingen, a small town on the fringes of the Zaberwald. Probably Berolfingen was also his birthplace. His teachers at the school, and especially his music teacher, had  
5 already recommended him two or three times to the highest Board for admission into the elite school. But Knecht knew nothing about this and had as yet had no encounters with the elite or with any of the masters of the highest Board of Educators. His music teacher, from whom he was learning violin and the lute, told him that the Music Master would shortly be coming to Berolfingen to inspect  
10 the music instruction at the school. Therefore Joseph must practice like a good boy and not embarrass his teacher.

The news stirred the boy deeply, for of course he knew quite well who the Music Master was. He was not to be compared with the school inspectors who visited twice a year, coming from somewhere in the higher reaches of the Board of  
15 Educators. The Music Master was one of the twelve demigods, one of the twelve supreme heads of this most respected of Boards. In all musical affairs he has the supreme authority for the entire country. To think that the Music Master himself, the Magister Musicae in person, would be coming to Berolfingen! . . .

Joseph was filled in advance with an enormous and timorous reverence for the  
20 impending visitor. He imagined the Music Master variously as a king, as one of the Twelve Apostles, or as one of the legendary great artists of classical times. . . . And he looked forward with a joy as deep as his terror to the appearance of this mighty star. That one of the demigods and archangels, one of the mysterious and almighty regents of the world of thought, was to appear in the flesh here in town  
25 and in the Latin school; that he was going to see him, and that the Master might possibly speak to him, examine him, reprimand or praise him, was a kind of miracle and rare prodigy in the skies. Moreover, as the teachers assured him, this was to be the first time in decades that a Magister Musicae in person would be visiting the town and the little Latin school. The boy pictured the forthcoming  
30 event in a great variety of ways. Above all he imagined a great public festival and a reception such as he had once experienced when a new mayor had taken office, with brass bands and streets strung with banners; there might even be fireworks. Knecht's schoolmates also had such fantasies and hopes. His happy excitement was subdued only by the thought that he himself might come too close to this

*Continued*



35 great man, and that his playing and his answers might be so bad that he would end up unbearably disgraced. But this anxiety was sweet as well as tormenting. Secretly, without admitting it to himself, he did not think the whole eagerly anticipated festival with its flags and fireworks nearly so fine, so entrancing, important, and miraculously delightful as the very possibility that he, little Joseph  
40 Knecht, would be seeing this man at close quarters, that in fact the Master was paying this visit to Berolfingen just a little on his, Joseph's account—for he was after all coming to examine the state of musical instruction, and the music teacher obviously thought it possible that the Master would examine him as well.

But perhaps it would not come to that—alas, it probably would not. After all,  
45 it was hardly possible. The Master would have better things to do than listen to a small boy's violin playing. He would probably want to see and hear only the older, more advanced pupils.

Such were the boy's thoughts as he awaited the day. And the day, when it came, began with a disappointment. No music blared in the streets, no flags and  
50 garlands hung from the houses. As on every other day, Joseph had to gather up his books and notebooks and go to the ordinary classes. And even in the classroom there was not the slightest sign of decoration or festivity. Everything was ordinary and normal. Class began; the teacher wore his everyday smock; he made no speeches, did not so much as mention the great guest of honor.

But during the second or third hour the guest came nevertheless. There was a  
55 knock at the door; the school janitor came in and informed the teacher that Joseph Knecht was to present himself to the music teacher in fifteen minutes. And he had better make sure that his hair was decently combed and his hands and fingernails clean.

Knecht turned pale with fright. He stumbled from the classroom, ran to the  
60 dormitory, put down his books, washed and combed his hair. Trembling, he took his violin case and his book of exercises. With a lump in his throat, he made his way to the music rooms in the annex. An excited schoolmate met him on the stairs, pointed to a practice room, and told him: "You're supposed to wait here till  
65 they call you."

The wait was short, but seemed to him an eternity. No one called him, but a man entered the room. A very old man, it seemed to him at first, not very tall, white-haired, with a fine, clear face and penetrating, light-blue eyes. The gaze of those eyes might have been frightening, but they were serenely cheerful as well as  
70 penetrating, neither laughing nor smiling, but filled with a calm, quietly radiant cheerfulness. He shook hands with the boy, nodded, and sat down with deliberation on the stool in front of the old practice piano. "You are Joseph

*Continued*

Knecht?" he said. "Your teacher seems content with you. I think he is fond of you. Come, let's make a little music together."

75 Knecht had already taken out his violin. The old man struck the A, and the boy tuned. Then he looked inquiringly, anxiously, at the Music Master.

"What would you like to play?" the Master asked.

The boy could not say a word. He was filled to the brim with awe of the old man. Never had he seen a person like this. Hesitantly, he picked up his exercise  
80 book and held it out to the Master.

"No," the Master said, "I want you to play from memory, and not an exercise but something easy that you know by heart. Perhaps a song you like."

Knecht was confused, and so enchanted by this face and those eyes that he could not answer. He was deeply ashamed of his confusion, but unable to speak.  
85 The Master did not insist. With one finger, he struck the first notes of a melody, and looked questioningly at the boy. Joseph nodded and at once played the melody with pleasure. It was one of the old songs which were often sung in school.

"Once more," the Master said.

90 Knecht repeated the melody, and the old man now played a second voice to go with it. Now the old song rang through the small practice room in two parts.

"Once more."

Knecht played, and the Master played the second part, and a third part also. Now the beautiful old song rang through the room in three parts.

95 "Once more." And the master played three voices along with the melody.

"A lovely song," the Master said softly. "Play it again, in the alto this time." . . .

After a while the old man stopped. "Is that enough?" he asked. Knecht shook his head and began again. The Master chimed in gaily with his three voices, and  
100 the four parts drew their thin, lucid lines, spoke to one another, mutually supported, crossed, and wove around one another in delightful windings and figurations. The boy and the old man ceased to think of anything else; they surrendered themselves to the lovely, congenial lines and figurations they formed as their parts crisscrossed. Caught in the network their music was creating, they  
105 swayed gently along with it, obeying an unseen conductor. Finally, when the melody had come to an end once more, the Master turned his head and asked: "Did you like that, Joseph?"

Gratefully, his face glowing, Knecht looked at him. He was radiant, but still speechless.

110 "Do you happen to know what a fugue is?" the Master now asked.

*Continued*

Knecht looked dubious. He had already heard fugues, but had not yet studied them in class.

“Very well,” the Master said, “then I’ll show you. You’ll grasp it quicker if we make a fugue ourselves. Now then, the first thing we need for a fugue is a  
115 theme, and we don’t have to look far for the theme. We’ll take it from our song.”

He played a brief phrase, a fragment of the song’s melody. It sounded strange, cut out in that way, without head or tail. He played the theme once more, and this time he went on to the first entrance; the second entrance changed the interval of a fifth<sup>1</sup> to a fourth; the third repeated the first an octave higher, as did  
120 the fourth with the second. The exposition concluded with a cadence in the key of the dominant. The second working-out modulated more freely to other keys; the third, tending toward the subdominant, ended with a cadence on the tonic.

The boy looked at the player’s clever white fingers, saw the course of the development faintly mirrored in his concentrated expression, while his eyes  
125 remained quiet under half-closed lids. Joseph’s heart swelled with veneration, with love for the Master. His ear drank in the fugue; it seemed to him that he was hearing music for the first time in his life. Behind the music being created in his presence he sensed the world of Mind, the joy-giving harmony of law and freedom, of service and rule. He surrendered himself, and vowed to serve that  
130 world and this Master. In those few minutes he saw himself and his life, saw the whole cosmos guided, ordered, and interpreted by the spirit of music. And when the playing had come to an end, he saw this magician and king for whom he felt so intense a reverence pause for a little while longer, slightly bowed over the keys, with half-closed eyes, his face softly glowing from within. Joseph did not know  
135 whether he ought to rejoice at the bliss of this moment, or weep because it was over.

The old man slowly raised himself from the piano stool, fixed those cheerful blue eyes piercingly and at the same time with unimaginable friendliness upon him, and said: “Making music together is the best way for two people to become  
140 friends. There is no easier. That is a fine thing. I hope you and I shall remain friends. Perhaps you too will learn how to make fugues, Joseph.”

He shook hands with Joseph and took his leave. But in the doorway he turned once more and gave Joseph a parting greeting, with a look and a ceremonious little inclination of his head.

145 Many years later Knecht [said] that when he had stepped out of the building, he found the town and the world far more transformed and enchanted than if there

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>of a fifth—the musical terms in lines 116 to 121 are references to the intricate “mathematical” sequences that govern harmony



had been flags, garlands, and streamers, or displays of fireworks. He had experienced his vocation, which may surely be spoken of as a sacrament.<sup>2</sup> The ideal world, which hitherto his young soul had known only by hearsay and in wild  
150 dreams, had suddenly taken on visible lineaments for him. Its gates had opened invitingly. This world, he now saw, did not exist only in some vague, remote past or future; it was here and was active; it glowed, sent messengers, apostles, ambassadors, men like this old Magister (who by the way was not nearly so old as he then seemed to Joseph). And through this venerable messenger an  
155 admonition and a call had come from that world even to him, the insignificant Latin school pupil.

*Hermann Hesse (1877–1962)*

translated from the German

Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946

<sup>2</sup>sacrament—something sacred in character or significance

VI. Questions 51 to 58 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

PIONEER

- He laboured, starved, and ploughed:  
In these last days  
Cities roar where his voice  
In lonely wilderness first sang out praise.
- 5 Out of the forest, walls,  
From rock, the wheat:  
Winters to chill the heart  
That slowly withers in the summer's heat.
- 10 Out of the fight, desire  
Re-born each spring  
To leave some mark behind—  
High harvest for the autumn's gathering.
- 15 What labourer could dream  
The axe's chime  
And swiftly builded house  
Would mean a city in so brief a time . . .
- 20 He sits with folded hands  
And burns to see  
How he has ravaged earth  
Of her last stone, her last, most stubborn tree.

*Dorothy Livesay*  
Contemporary Canadian poet and playwright

**VII. Questions 59 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

**from THE MAN OF DESTINY**

CHARACTERS:

GIUSEPPE—an Italian innkeeper

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—French General born in Corsica and Emperor of France  
from 1804 to 1815

THE LIEUTENANT—an officer in Napoleon’s army

SCENE: *The scene is set during NAPOLEON BONAPARTE’s conquest of Italy in 1796. NAPOLEON maps out military strategy while eating a meal at an inn. He awaits the arrival on horseback of the lieutenant who was supposed to have preceded him. GIUSEPPE, the innkeeper, serves the general.*

GIUSEPPE: Will your excellency—

NAPOLEON (*Intent on his map, but cramming himself mechanically with his left hand*): Don’t talk. I’m busy.

GIUSEPPE (*With perfect good humor*): Excellency: I obey.

5    NAPOLEON: Some red ink.

GIUSEPPE: Alas! excellency, there is none.

NAPOLEON (*With Corsican facetiousness*):<sup>1</sup> Kill something and bring me its blood.

10   GIUSEPPE (*Grinning*): There is nothing but your excellency’s horse, the sentinel, the lady upstairs, and my wife.

NAPOLEON: Kill your wife.

GIUSEPPE: Willingly, your excellency; but unhappily I am not strong enough. She would kill me.

NAPOLEON: That will do equally well.

15   GIUSEPPE: Your excellency does me too much honor. (*Stretching his hand towards the flask.*) Perhaps some wine will answer your excellency’s purpose.

NAPOLEON (*Hastily protecting the flask, and becoming quite serious*): Wine!

20   No: that would be waste. You are all the same: waste! waste! waste! (*He marks the map with gravy, using his fork as a pen.*) Clear away. (*He finishes his wine; pushes back his chair; and uses his napkin, stretching his legs and leaning back, but still frowning and thinking.*)

GIUSEPPE (*Clearing the table and removing the things to a tray on the sideboard*): Every man to his trade, excellency. We innkeepers have plenty of

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Corsican facetiousness—humour with an undertone of irony



cheap wine: we think nothing of spilling it. You great generals have plenty of  
 25 cheap blood: you think nothing of spilling it. Is it not so, excellency?

**NAPOLEON:** Blood costs nothing: wine costs money. (*He rises and goes to the fireplace.*)

**GIUSEPPE:** They say you are careful of everything except human life, excellency.

**NAPOLEON:** Human life, my friend, is the only thing that takes care of itself. (*He*  
 30 *throws himself at his ease on the couch.*)

**GIUSEPPE** (*Admiring him*): Ah, excellency, what fools we all are beside you! If I could only find out the secret of your success!

**NAPOLEON:** You would make yourself Emperor of Italy, eh?

**GIUSEPPE:** Too troublesome, excellency: I leave all that to you. Besides, what  
 35 would become of my inn if I were Emperor? See how you enjoy looking on at me whilst I keep the inn for you and wait on you! Well, I shall enjoy looking on at you whilst you become Emperor of Europe, and govern the country for me. (*As he chatters, he takes the cloth off deftly without removing the map, and finally takes the corners in his hands and the middle in his mouth, to fold*  
 40 *it up.*)

**NAPOLEON:** Emperor of Europe, eh? Why only Europe?

**GIUSEPPE:** Why, indeed? Emperor of the world, excellency! Why not? (*He folds and rolls up the cloth, emphasizing his phrase by the steps of the process.*) One man is like another (*fold*): one country is like another (*fold*):  
 45 one battle is like another. (*At the last fold, he slaps the cloth on the table and deftly rolls it up, adding, by way of peroration.*)<sup>2</sup> Conquer one: conquer all. (*He takes the cloth to the sideboard, and puts it in a drawer.*)

**NAPOLEON:** And govern for all; fight for all; be everybody's servant under cover of being everybody's master, Giuseppe.

50 **GIUSEPPE** (*At the sideboard*): Excellency?

**NAPOLEON:** I forbid you to talk to me about myself.

**GIUSEPPE** (*Coming to the foot of the couch*): Pardon. Your excellency is so unlike other great men. It is the subject they like best.

**NAPOLEON:** Well, talk to me about the subject they like next best, whatever that  
 55 may be.

**GIUSEPPE** (*Unabashed*): Willingly, your excellency. Has your excellency by any chance caught a glimpse of the lady upstairs?

**NAPOLEON** (*Sitting up promptly*): How old is she?

**GIUSEPPE:** The right age, excellency.

60 **NAPOLEON:** Do you mean seventeen or thirty?

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup>peroration—a concluding remark

**GIUSEPPE:** Thirty, excellency.

**NAPOLEON:** Goodlooking?

**GIUSEPPE:** I cannot see with your excellency's eyes: every man must judge that for himself. In my opinion, excellency, a fine figure of a lady. (*Slyly*) Shall I  
65 lay the table for her collation<sup>3</sup> here?

**NAPOLEON** (*Brusquely, rising*): No: lay nothing here until the officer for whom I am waiting comes back. (*He looks at his watch, and takes to walking to and fro between the fireplace and the vineyard.*)

**GIUSEPPE** (*With conviction*): Excellency: believe me, he has been captured by the  
70 accursed Austrians. He dare not keep you waiting if he were at liberty.

**NAPOLEON** (*Turning at the edge of the shadow of the veranda*) **Giuseppe:** if that turns out to be true, it will put me into such a temper that nothing short of hanging you and your whole household, including the lady upstairs, will satisfy me.

**GIUSEPPE:** We are all cheerfully at your excellency's disposal, except the lady. I cannot answer for her; but no lady could resist you, General.

**NAPOLEON** (*Sourly, resuming his march*): Hm! You will never be hanged. There is no satisfaction in hanging a man who does not object to it.

**GIUSEPPE** (*Sympathetically*): Not the least in the world, excellency: is there?  
80 (*NAPOLEON again looks at his watch, evidently growing anxious.*) Ah, one can see that you are a great man, General: you know how to wait. If it were a corporal now, or a sub-lieutenant, at the end of three minutes he would be swearing, fuming, threatening, pulling the house about our ears.

**NAPOLEON:** Giuseppe: your flatteries are insufferable. Go and talk outside. (*He  
85 sits down again at the table, with his jaws in his hands, and his elbows propped on the map, poring over it with a troubled expression.*)

**GIUSEPPE:** Willingly, your excellency. You shall not be disturbed. (*He takes up the tray and prepares to withdraw.*)

**NAPOLEON:** The moment he comes back, send him to me.

**GIUSEPPE.** Instantaneously, your excellency.

**A LADY'S VOICE** (*Calling from some distant part of the inn*): Giusep-pe! (*The voice is very musical, and the two final notes make an ascending interval.*)<sup>4</sup>

**NAPOLEON** (*Startled*): Who's that?

**GIUSEPPE:** The lady, excellency.

**95 NAPOLEON:** The lady upstairs?

**GIUSEPPE:** Yes, excellency. The strange lady.

**NAPOLEON:** Strange? Where does she come from?

**GIUSEPPE** (*With a shrug*): Who knows? She arrived here just before your

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>collation—light meal

<sup>4</sup>ascending interval—rising pitch between tones

- excellency in a hired carriage belonging to the Golden Eagle at Borghetto. By herself, excellency. No servants. A dressing bag and a trunk: that is all. The postillion<sup>5</sup> says she left a horse at the Golden Eagle. A charger, with military trappings.
- NAPOLEON:** A woman with a charger! French or Austrian?
- GIUSEPPE:** French, excellency.
- 105 **NAPOLEON:** Her husband's charger, no doubt. Killed at Lodi, poor fellow.
- THE LADY'S VOICE** (*The two final notes now making a peremptory<sup>6</sup> descending interval*): Giuseppe!
- NAPOLEON** (*Rising to listen*): That's not the voice of a woman whose husband was killed yesterday.
- 110 **GIUSEPPE:** Husbands are not always regretted, excellency. (*Calling.*) Coming, lady, coming. (*He makes for the inner door.*)
- NAPOLEON** (*Arresting him with a strong hand on his shoulder*): Stop. Let her come.
- VOICE:** Giuseppe!! (*Impatiently.*)
- 115 **GIUSEPPE:** Let me go, excellency. It is my point of honor as an innkeeper to come when I am called. I appeal to you as a soldier.
- A MAN'S VOICE** (*Outside, at the inn door, shouting*): Here, someone. Hollo! Landlord! Where are you? (*Somebody raps vigorously with a whip handle on a bench in the passage.*)
- 120 **NAPOLEON** (*Suddenly becoming the commanding officer again and throwing GIUSEPPE off*): My man at last. (*Pointing to the inner door.*) Go. Attend to your business: the lady is calling you. (*He goes to the fireplace and stands with his back to it with a determined military air.*)
- GIUSEPPE** (*With bated breath, snatching up his tray*): Certainly, excellency. (*He hurries out by the inner door.*)
- 125 **THE MAN'S VOICE** (*Impatiently*): Are you all asleep here?
- The other door is kicked rudely open. A dusty sub-lieutenant bursts into the room. He is a tall chuckle-headed<sup>7</sup> young man of 24, with the complexion and style of a man of rank, and a self-assurance on that ground which the French*
- 130 *Revolution has failed to shake in the smallest degree. He has a thick silly lip, an eager credulous<sup>8</sup> eye, an obstinate nose and a loud confident voice. A young man without fear, without reverence, without imagination, without sense, hopelessly insusceptible to the Napoleonic or any other idea,*
- 135 *stupendously egotistical, eminently qualified to rush in where angels fear to tread, yet of a vigorous babbling vitality which bustles him into the thick of*

*Continued*

<sup>5</sup>postillion—guide or forerunner who rides with a coach

<sup>6</sup>peremptory—imperious, dictatorial

<sup>7</sup>chuckle-headed—stupid, foolish

<sup>8</sup>credulous—too eager to believe



things. *He is just now boiling with vexation, attributable by a superficial observer to his impatience at not being promptly attended to by the staff of the inn, but in which a more discerning eye can perceive a certain moral depth, indicating a more permanent and momentous grievance. On seeing*  
140 *NAPOLEON, he is sufficiently taken aback to check himself and salute; but he does not betray by his manner any of that prophetic consciousness of Marengo and Austerlitz, Waterloo and St Helena,<sup>9</sup> or the Napoleonic pictures of Delaroche and Meissonier,<sup>10</sup> which later ages expect from him.*

**NAPOLEON** (*Watch in hand*): Well, sir, you have come at last. Your instructions  
145 were that I should arrive here at six, and find you waiting for me with my mail from Paris and with despatches. It is now twenty minutes to eight. You were sent on this service as a hard rider with the fastest horse in the camp. You arrive a hundred minutes late, on foot. Where is your horse?

**THE LIEUTENANT** (*Moodily pulling off his gloves and dashing them with his cap and whip on the table*): Ah! where indeed? That is just what I should like to  
150 know, General. (*With emotion.*) You don't know how fond I was of that horse.

**NAPOLEON** (*Angrily sarcastic*): Indeed! (*With sudden misgiving.*) Where are the letters and despatches?

George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950)

British dramatist, essayist

Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925

<sup>9</sup>Marengo and Austerlitz, Waterloo and St Helena—chronological highlights of Napoleon's victories, defeat, and exile

<sup>10</sup>Delaroche and Meissonier—early 19th century French painters who depicted romantic versions of Napoleonic heroics

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# *English 30: Part B*

## *January 1999*

